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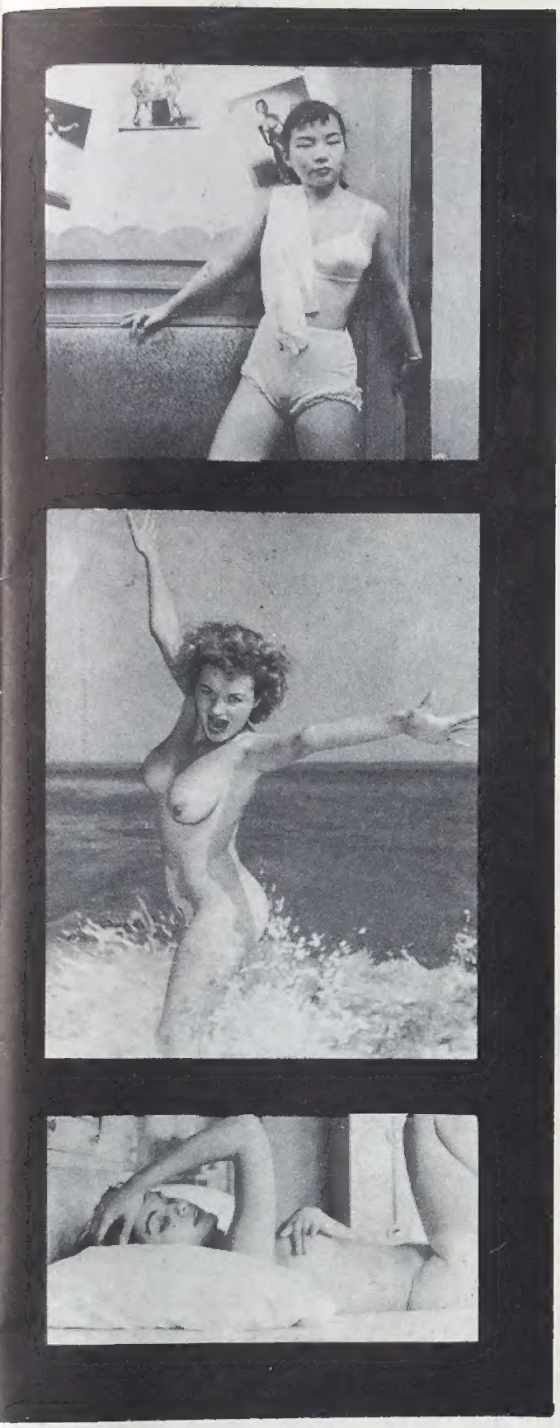

special pictorial feature

How To Have Fun In Hollywood 20

glamour

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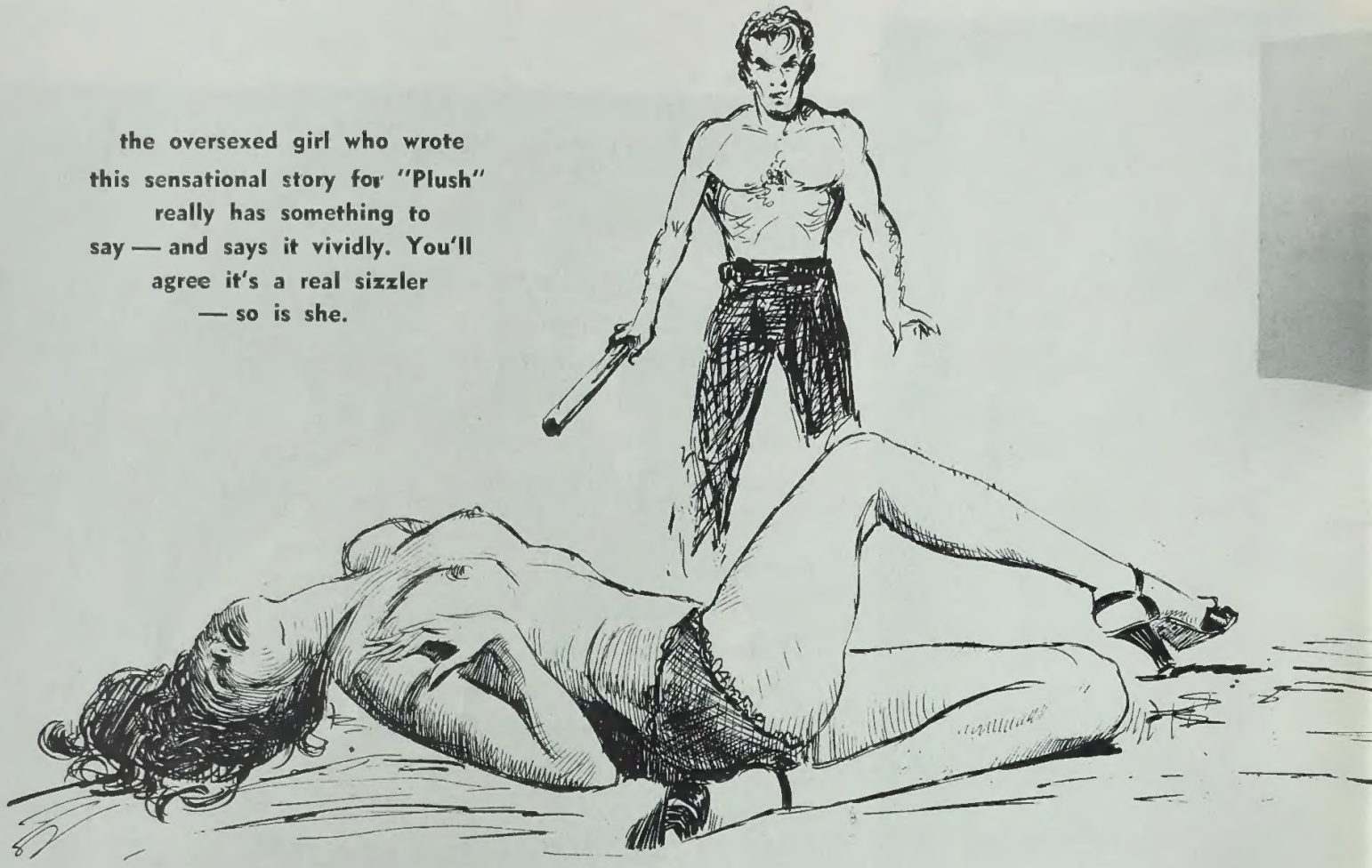
PLUSH-Living for men is published bi-monthly by PLUSH PUBLISHING, INC., 570 7th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Single Copies 50c. Advertising rates furnished on request. PLUSH is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations of any type unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and all photographs should be released to PLUSH or contributor by original source. Photos should be 8" x 10" or less, black and white glossy finish.

the oversexed girl who wrote this sensational story for "Plush" really has something to say — and says it vividly. You'll agree it's a real sizzler — so is she.



the GIRL who couldn't say NO

by Ronnie B.....

"LET me buy you another," suggested the tall good guy I had picked up in the dimly lighted bar.

"No," I said, "Come up to my place and have one there. "It's more comfortable." He took my arm. I was thrilled at his touch. He was an exciting man.

When we got in my apartment, I excused myself and hurried to the bathroom. As I tore off my clothes, I caught a sudden glimpse of myself in the mirror, and suddenly I was fighting back my tears. The strange savage expression on my face made me look like a mad woman in a horror movie. I turned away disgusted. I was mad I knew – mad for men.

I threw my black nylon net shortie, which showed all there was of me worth looking at, over my shoulders, and went out to him. He stood up, taking stock of me.

"Come on, lover-boy," I cried hoarsely. "Love me quick – I can't wait." I slid my arms round his neck and pushed my lips to his, but he drew back, his wide dark eyes looking at me quizzically.

"How much?" he asked. The words shocked me as if he had suddenly slopped a bucket of dirty water over me, but I couldn't stop.

"Nothing, silly, nothing, I cried. "I just want you to love me. Quick, quick! Please . . ." I stamped my foot. "Don't keep me waiting."

I hurled myself against him blindly, imploring him to do what I wanted, but he grabbed my wrists and held me off. "Sorry, but you'll have to wait for someone else, he said sternly. "I'm a police officer."

I collapsed on the floor at his feet sobbing and screaming. I remember that he picked me up and put me on the divan and covered me with a towelling robe he found in the bathroom. He was a decent guy. Because I didn't accept money, he said, I hadn't broken the law, and he wasn't going to book me, although there were half a dozen charges he could bring against me. I can see his stern face now as he shook his finger at me and warned me. "You be careful young lady, or you'll get into trouble. If I were you, I'd see a doctor, and get help."

IF I only could! The moment he had gone I was on the phone rustling up a man. Johnny, the boy downstairs, wasn't in, and I felt worse. I threw myself on the bed and prayed. "Oh God, please God help me." I couldn't endure the pain any longer. Somewhere deep inside me, two strange intxplicable forces were crashing together and driving me mad. The urge was on me as strong as ever, and the drink I had taken was making it worse. I began pacing up and down my beautiful studio like a wild beast. I simply had to go out.

I lunged into the closet and yanked out my new tweed suit. I would put it on over my bare body and go out and get what I wanted. There was no time for bra or panties. My heart was beating wildly. My mouth was parched, and my throat felt as if it had been rubbed with sandpaper. But I didn't go out. In a spasm of determination, I ripped my precious suit into small pieces.

The violence of tearing the fabric calmed me a little. I flopped on the divan and wept. Why did I have to be like this? Why couldn't I be like other girls? I was sick, mentally sick, perhaps incurable. At nineteen I had already had sexual relations with more than 200 men. I didn't remember the names of most of them, and I wouldn't even know them if I saw them. Some had been high school kids, others men in their sixties.

(Continued on Page 48)

Room Service.

"COOL" DISHES FOR YOUR HOT TAMALE

WHOEVER said that the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach was either a woman, or a guy who was too modest to mention the fact that women like to eat as much as or even more than the poor dumb animal who pays the check.

If the truth were known, many a maid has become a "Mrs." or a mistress after her natural suspicions of men have been mollified by a good meal. Nothing pleases a gal more these days than to be served a delicious repast cooked by your own fair hand in your bachelor apartment, or at home when you've sent the old folks to a double feature. Here's a meal for two which will put her in a better mood to see your etchings than a burger and coffee at the "Greasy spoon" on the corner.

Cocktails of course.

PLUSH SPECIAL

2 dashes bitters, 2/3 rum, 1/3 sweet vermouth. Stir in cracked ice. Strain and serve with cherry in a pre-chilled glass. If you want to make this one ultra-plush, add a jigger of vodka.

NIBBLE BAIT

TOASTED CRAB MEAT — Mix fresh or canned crab meat with chili sauce, celery salt and piemento. Spread the mixture on strips of toast or crackers, and bake under the grill for a few minutes. Trim and serve.

TONGUE TEASERS — Spread strips of sliced tongue with English mustard, red pepper and olive oil, put in refrigerator over night. Just before serving separate strips, fry in butter and serve with thin slices of bread.

STEAK IN BEER

THERE'S nothing like a steak as a main dish, but make yours different and you'll be well remembered. This one, you can say, was from a secret recipe given you by the chef to Charles Boyer.

1 medium thick porterhouse
Olive oil
2 cups of beer
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 lb. mushrooms (small)

Marinate the steak (overnight if possible) in oil. Season with salt, paprika, and a hint of garlic if you like it that way. Cook slowly under grill until it is sizzling right which you test with a knife or fork. Just before the steak is finished, fry mushrooms in butter, add flour, a steak juice from the broiler pan. Then pour in the foaming ale, mix well, pour over the steak and serve.

DRINKS

A good red white — imported Bordeaux or Burgundy. They don't have to be expensive (about two bucks a bottle) and they're wonderfully stimulating. Don't serve hard liquor with your meal or you both may get the hiccups.

DESSERT

Ice Cream — Chocolate mints — Lady Fingers

COFFEE

Black and hot

AFTER DINNER

Creme de Menthe — Southern Comfort

If you want to be a real after-dinner sensation try a Lizard Skin. It's simple. Just hollow out half a large orange. Fill with brandy, set it alight, blow it out and drink. If this doesn't do the trick, take a Dale Carnegie course.

PLUSH ADVENTURE

REMEMBER the old poem about the skipper who took his little blue-eyed daughter to keep him company, and how the poor girl came to a tragic end in a storm.

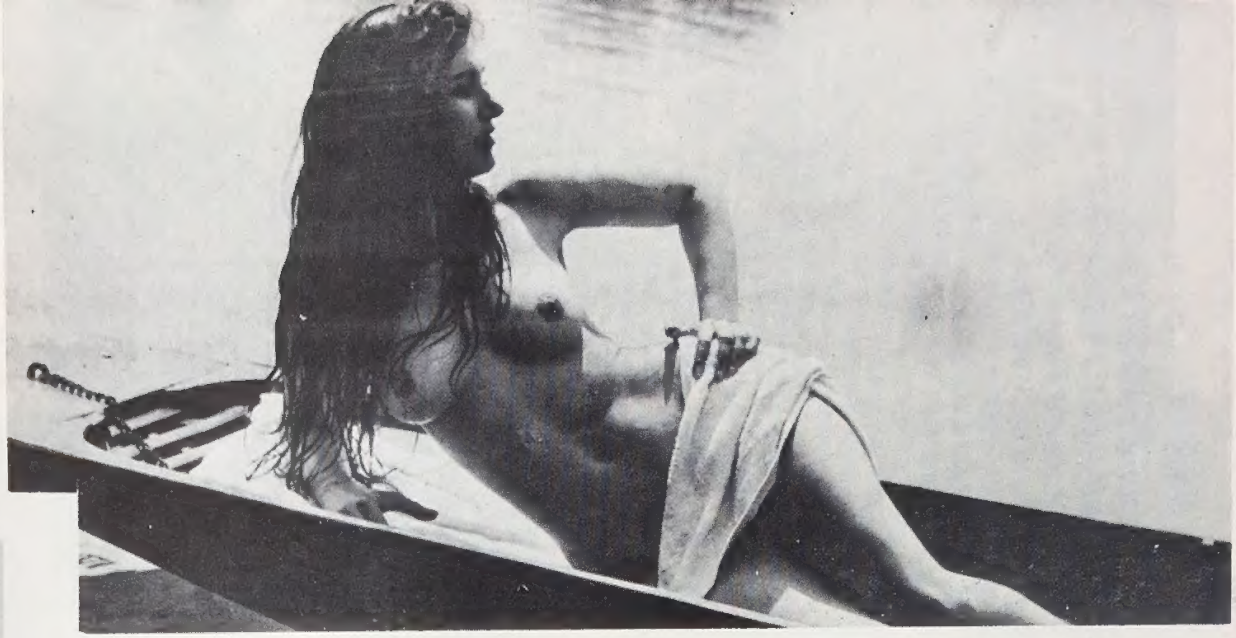
This truly nautical shot was taken by the skipper's son who took the baker's daughter on a cruise to keep him company. She brought plenty of cheese-cake along, and you must admit she has a pair of beautiful blue eyes.

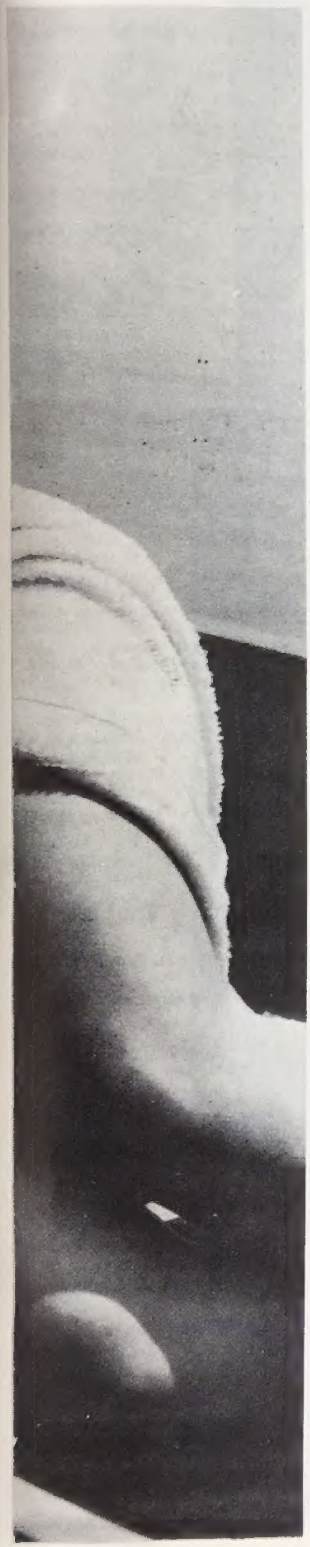
BECAUSE she did so well as deck hand and cabin girl, the kindhearted lad promoted her to first mate. Unfortunately the last first mate's togs didn't fit, so she had to perform her chores in her cabin girl's togs, which, however, seem to suit her rather well.

Here you see her going aloft to fix the mizzen shrouds while the lucky lad just sits in the stern and doodles with his rudder.

India

FROM FAR-OFF INDIA comes lovely Ranee Singh as exotic a Lotus flower as you could hope to find in the land of Siva the Goddess of Love. Ranee graduated from college in dramatics, speaks four languages not including what she calls the international language of love which, she insists, enables two earthly bodies to find Nirvana.





A REAL DAUGHTER of the Sun, Ranee bares her tawny splendor to King Sol as she dreams of the day her prince will come and keep coming. Who wouldn't, with a gorgeous piece of sunbaked honey bun like Ranee to encourage him.

CASANOVA WAS A PIKER

by Eric England

AN angry crowd was bombarding the fashionable house in London's Mayfair with bricks and garbage. A dead cat smacked through the broken window of the downstairs front room. From the upstairs windows, the servants were emptying chamber pots and buckets of boiling water on the crowd.

Urged on by screaming women, a group of men were taking turns to hurl themselves at the street door. When the door opened, and a tall soldierly figure strode out, they fell back in awe.

"What the H..... is going on here?" demanded Colonel Francis Charteris.

A woman detached herself from the crowd. "My daughter — my poor innocent child. You've got her in there."

The colonel laughed. "I never stole a girl in my life. What's your daughter's name?"

"Mary — Mary Price — my innocent Mary — as pure as she was born."

The colonel bowed mockingly. "In that case, madam, come in and fetch her." The angry mother rushed in with a flutter of skirts. In the palatial dining room she came to a shocked halt. Her mouth gaped. Five naked wenches were sitting at the table drinking — and among them was her daughter.

Charteris chuckled as he heard the "poor innocent child" tell her mother she was having the time of her life, and had no intention of coming home. As he showed the shocked mother out, he said? "Please ask your friends to be quiet. Noise disturbs my loving."

CHARTERIS was bad news for men as well as women. Drummed out of the British army for cheating, he fought a duel which ended by his biting off his opponent's nose. Commissioned in another regiment, he again was caught cheating at cards. The other officers imposed the regimental penalty of stripping him naked and making him stand with his back to the wall for the rest of the game, which was being played in the home of the regimental colonel.

Charteris waited until the officers were absorbed with their card play. Then he walked into the drawing room where the ladies were assembled. From there he carried off the colonel's daughter to the nearest bedroom. Later he traded her for his clothes and a thousand guineas "hush" money.

The man never missed a trick. His two main interests were money and women. He made them both. An expert card player he won several magnificent country estates from their owners. One of these, Hornby Castle, in Lancashire, England, he opened as a high class brothel. His methods of charging make the highest price madam of today look like a beginner. Some young bucks paid the equivalent of $2,000 for a night at the notorious castle. Charteris took 90 per cent.

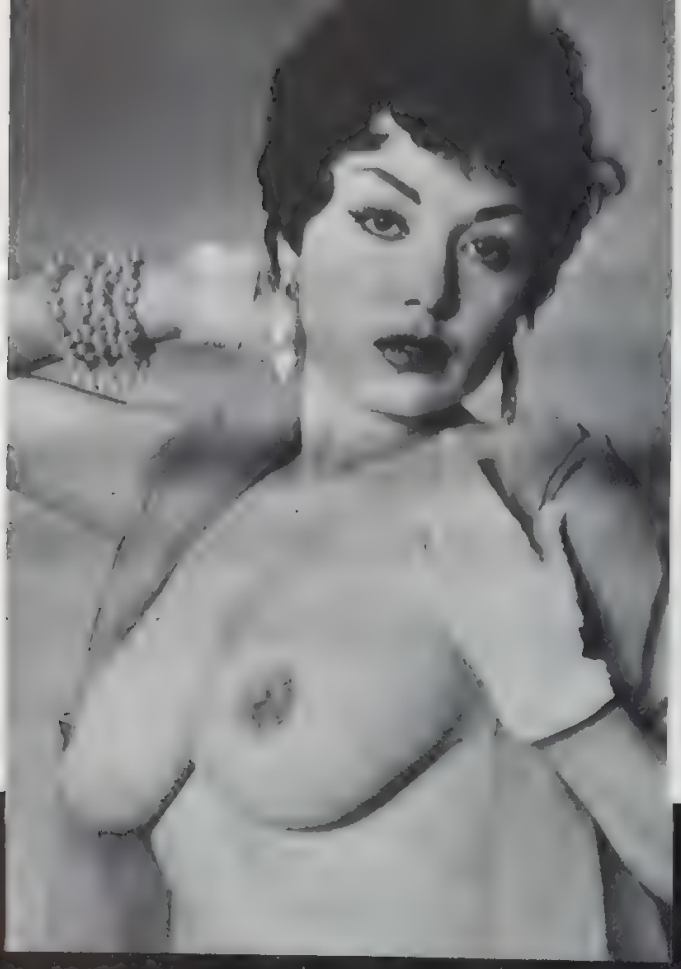
In London where he was married to a woman of noble birth, Charteris purchased a house exclusively for orgies. His desires often ran to as many as six virgins a day. To keep his "larder stocked," as he put it in his memoirs, he hired two procuresses to watch the waggons bringing serving maids from the country looking for jobs, and hired the good looking ones. Usually after a few days with the randy colonel, the girls were turned loose on the town, but with instructions to report back only if they were pregnant.

ONE girl, a handsome 15-year-old redhead from the county of Berkshire quickly got the measure of the Colonel. After an orgy of love making, Charteris who was considerably hung over, told Sarah Sileto to get out. Sarah did — only to the next room. She (Continued on Page 50)

. . . compared to Colonel Francis Charteris, the English nobleman who loved 10,000 women and made a fortune with bordellos and real estate.

FRANCE is famous for food, wine and women, in whichever order you prefer. Meet Marcelle Maurois, a typical Paris pretty as she dresses in her Montmarte Hotel for her day's work. Marcelle is a stenographer. At nights she's studying to be a lawyer. Her hobby is painting, but she does have some free evenings for culture.

MARCELLE just loves *oui-oui* to nice people . . . Being a good dresser, she puts a lot of thought into what she'll wear, and when she thinks about clothes she likes to relax . . . Somehow or other we think she looks rather cute when she's handling the problem of how to cover herself.



"THIS is a very important date. Who? Why, it is zee Travel Editor of "Plush" — so I must look my best. Do you think he will like me like this?"

"I'M just a simple kind of girl. All I want is someone to love me."

"I have zee evening already planned — a little aperatif — what you call a cocktail — a nice intimate dinner at Ferdinand's, a movie of course, and then supper at Chez Graff, where zee music makes me feel romantic . . . and then perhaps he will come back with me to see my paintings. You think so . . . yes?

the Virgin who was too good to be true

By ARTHUR ADLON

MAGDA Schmidt was a good girl. Her widowed mother thought so of course, but the neighbors on *Hochestrasse* in West Berlin who like all other neighbors knew more about other people's girls than their own were quite sure about it. Even if Magda was too extravagantly beautiful to be good, she was too busy with group activities to be bad.

Hochestrasse knew that she got up early enough to do most of the house cleaning before she went to her 8-hour a day job at a lawyer's office, that on Monday evenings she attended gym classes, on Tuesday she was home sewing and mending, on Wednesday it was economics night at the local University, and so on through the week till Saturday when she and Ingabord, her girl friend, went to the local dance hall and came back together shortly before midnight.

The odd part of all this was that Magda was a real dish whom nature had endowed with a bra measurement that would make Marylyn Monroe look like a kindergarten junior, and supporting measurements to match. One look at this tall blond beauty was enough to set any wolf's tail wagging, but that was as far as they got. Magda just didn't seem to have time for the boys.

This worried her mother no end. Frau Schmidt who'd been a dish herself in her day, having once stood-in for Marlene Dietrich in the old "Blue Angel" days, had purposely brought her daughter up in the straight and narrow, but, after all, it didn't seem right for so lovely a girl to go to seed in single harness when there was so much to gain from being married. Of course, there was a shortage of men due to the war, but it wasn't so bad that a girl with what Magda had so much of, couldn't get a big slice of the matrimonial cake.

"MAGDA, it's time you were married," said Frau Schmidt one day, "You're twenty-five you know. It's later than you think."

"Yes, mum," answered Magda without enthusiasm, "But who is there to marry? All the boys I know have girls, and I wouldn't like to take another girl's boy!"

"You *do* want to get married, daughter?" asked her mother sharply.

"Of course I do, mother. What girl doesn't. I'd like (Turn to Page 51)

HOW TO HAVE FUN IN HOLLYWOOD

A new twist in the world's oldest profession

IT pays to advertise particularly when you have something good to sell. The naughty-for-dough gals in Hollywood have hit on a sweet racket to hawk their wares. They use the want-ad columns of the big daily newspapers to let the world know they are ready and willing to do business.

Their professional activities, as you may know, are frowned on by the law. Vice-cops have a sneaky habit of listening in on telephone calls, and walking into love nests at most inconvenient moments.

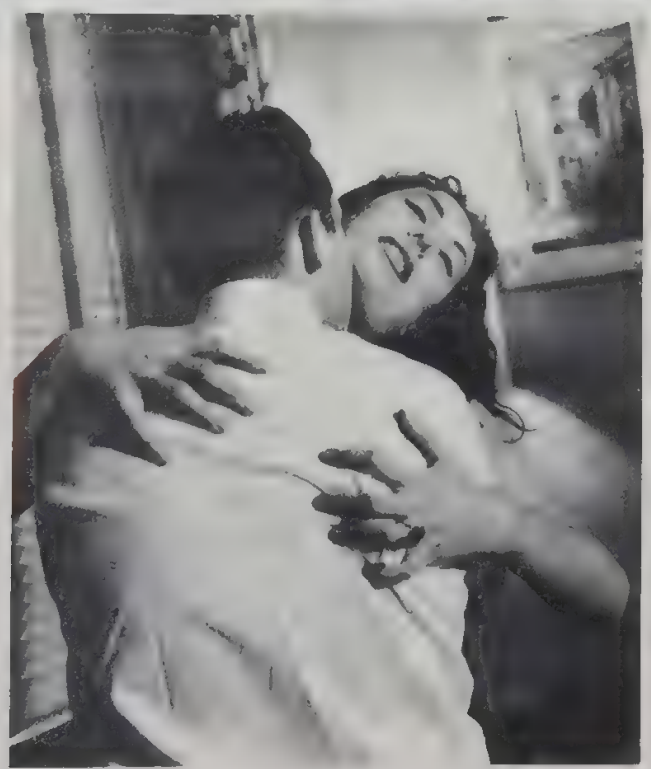
The gals, however, are proving once again that "love will find a way." They advertise themselves as photographic models. All you have to do is to call up, make an appointment and go up and click. In case you don't have a camera, the girl provides one, and lights as well. It's all in the package, including the model — unwrapped.

MAYBE you've never had a real camera in your hands with a professional lighting set up, and a professional model. Brother, this is your big opportunity. Take out your Brownie and shoot. The gal's all yours, big blue eyes, and what goes with them.

If you don't click to the possibilities of such an occasion, chances are she'll make with the

liquor, which, as the poet says, is quicker. Then, when your inhibitions are really down she'll go to work to show you a few "double" exposures, and you'll certainly get some real snappy positives.

It all sounds real cool. A smart cookie can more than get his money's worth; pictures he took himself to send home to Mama, a drink or two on the house, and a catch-as-catch-can session with a gorgeous dame.



THE PICTURES have been taken and the model is resting after posing under the bright lights which is terribly tiring — and so the guy makes the most of his exposures.

A NICE PICTURE if you can get it . . . Why not try? "I have a camera and lights," she says. "All you have to do is click and I'll do the rest."

BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE BOOMING in this studio. The shutterbugs come one after another. If one happens to be a vice-cop, it's quite OK because he's really going to take pictures. After all, you can't pinch a gal for artistic posing which is art for art's sake, and who dares say she isn't artistic.

NATIONALE LOTERIE
COGNAC
GAUTRET
LES MAND
ITONTINE
BIENAIMÉ
parfumeur
PARIS
A.B.C.
Jardin

By ERIC ENGLAND

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH FRENCH GIRLS

YOU don't have to travel 100 miles from the corner drug store to discover there are different kinds of girls, but on indulging in a closer study of the tender traps you may discover that the basic design is the same; and not bad either, whichever way you look at it.

However, when you start hot footing it around the world you'll find that girls in different countries have different ways, and respond to different approaches, even if the end result is the same.

Take France for instance, seeing the French girls are just about what every male man dreams of. It might surprise you to know that what you might suggest to an American gal hoping that she doesn't give you a shiner, a French girl will accept as a compliment. Even if her answer is no, she's likely to give you a big kiss.

NOW for some basic facts about Miss France. She is the least divorced woman in the world, the least raped, the least murdered, the least alcoholic, and the rarest inhabitant of mental homes. Married, she averages 1.5 children. She is lucky if her husband's annual income measures up to $3,000 US dollars on which she manages to look better dressed and more attractive than an American woman whose legal meal ticket earns anything from $5,000 to $25,000.

Miss France, I should tell you, after ten years first hand experience is a neat package correctly wrapped at all times. Although her tender trap is baited with the same allurements as Miss America's, she does not parade them, even if she did create the Bikini way back in the '30's. This of course is because she considers that the beach is the one place where the sun and the sons of men are entitled to equal views of the largest possible area of her epidermis.

At heart, Francoise is an old fashioned girl who knows that girls are for and what men like about girls, but she has a firm belief that there is a time for everything. She is moral to a degree but never enough to be dull, and being an artist, of course, she draws the line sometimes as all artists should.

My friend Joe had the line drawn on him recently, and he still hasn't figured it out. He and his bundle of (Turn to Page 58)

CHINA

IF you are one of those guy who think Chinese girls are different, we present you proof positive in Karen Chan. This delectable daughter of old Cathay is an expert stenographer. Don't try to tell her what Confucius said, because she happens to be a philosophy major, and is studying for her Ph.D.

KAREN always finds getting up in the morning to go to work . . . quite a chore. She gets rid of those early morning blues with her own brand of torso trimming waker-upper exercises. We're wide awake watching. When Karen told us she knows all kinds of tricks a girl can do in her bedroom, we believed her. Karen's cute . . . yes?

Karen's torso-trimming bedroom tricks are a treat to watch.

Big Missus Slept Alone

By MERTON MOON

Lena was tired of her exotic life on a tropical island, tired even of a husband who still attracted her, and so she planned a way out which seemed delightfully simple.

It was 8 a.m. The tropical heat was already roasting the island. It lay heavily on the slate gray water of the lagoon. Near the tiny verdant crested atoll at the mouth of the harbor, it bounced back to the sky in quivering silvered laminations.

Lena raised her slim lithe body from the chaise lounge on the duck board patio and went into the rambling bungalow she and Vane had called home for the past five years.

She walked slowly as one long accustomed to the excessive humid heat. She was a wellmade blonde with round firm breasts and odd deep set green eyes that made men look twice. She was naked because it was too hot to dress, and because nobody cared how she looked these days.

The interior was dark and shadowy. Aluna, the little Malay maid servant, never remembered to draw the shades to air the place early before the heat became too oppressive. Lena's exquisitely moulded face creased with displeasure as the odor of smoke, liquor and rotting flowers came forward to meet her.

She sighed. She had to get out of this somehow and quick. A secret part of her mind laughed as she remembered something. It would be better after Vane had gone; and where Vane was going, he wouldn't be back.

Smiling dreamily, she walked out on to the veranda and examined herself in the fly spotted mirror. Instinctively she held her breasts because she was proud of them. The touch of her own fingers on her small pink nipples gave her a pleasurable thrill. Her breasts were always sensitive. She bit her lip and tossed back her blonde head in a sudden spasm of passion. Now she wanted to be loved. Larry wouldn't be round for tiffin until noon . . . so it would have to be Vane.

A NOISE at the far end of the verhanda spun her round in time to see a snake streak away from the little spot of sun where he was sunning himself. Lena shivered. Snakes terrified her. In the living room, she poured herself a stiff finger of scotch. What an idiot she had been to let Vane talk her into living on this stinking tropical island. As she gulped the drink she thought of the native proverb which ran, "If you marry the cock, you live in the barnyard, marry the dog and run at his side."

In the bedroom Vane was lying on his back in the raggle-taggle double bed, snoring. He called it his workshop. Lena refused to sleep on the rackety squeaky thing. The moment they had finished making love she always went to her own neatly primped bedroom. All the natives on the island knew that "Big Missus" slept alone.

For a moment she stood looking down at Vane with obvious disgust. With his sun-sorched drink stained face, narrow brows and thin nose with wide sensitive nostrils, he looked rather like a red horse. They had met in Sidney, Australia six years back when she had been stranded in a hotel room by an American who forgot to pay the bill.

Vane was amusing and intelligent. He represented a US importing company. At first it had been fun travelling from island to island, drinking, dancing and loving. Now she was bored, too bored even to hate.

The liquor had heightened her desire. She flung herself on the bed and proceeded to arouse her legal husband, for the last time, she reflected, as she pressed her breasts against Vane's sleepy body, and felt his surging reaction. If love was the only thing she wanted, she thought with a sudden flush of conscience, Vane would do for ever. This morning particularly, she reminded herself, she had to be sure his satisfaction was utter and complete — for a very good reason. "Love me, love me, Vane" she pleaded as she poured out the passion of her quivering body.

SHE had passed her climax and Vane was snoring again when a noise in Vane's dressing room disturbed her. She sat upright on the bed, shielding her breasts with her hands. Sixteen-year-old Aluna, exotic as a tropical flower with her slim boyish figure and large uptitled breasts stood in the doorway. This morning, Lena noticed she had put a bright red azalea in her shining black hair.

With her hand on her hip, she leaned against the wall smiling down at Lena, completely unconcerned that Big Missus knew she had spent (Turn to Page 56)

SWEDEN

IN SWEDEN they like 'em big and blonde, and so do we. Ingrid Christiansen is a typical Swede of classic proportions. She's just the kind we could rave over, and because we're just wild about the girl, we have put her in the "Plush" frame of honor which is reserved for old masters and young mistresses.

INGRID, as you can see is all woman . . . Sometimes, after lunch, she relaxes in the state of nature and dreams of coming to America. Ingrid however has one big worry. She's not sure whether American men like big blondes. We did our best to set her mind at rest. As far as we are concerned, she can Smorgasbord with us any time.

INGRID believes in exercising her splendid body, so round, so firm, when the sun comes peeping in at morn.

INGRID'S A WONDERFUL SKI-ER. She says it's wonderful for her figure, and being a nature girl, she assures us she never wore a bra.

PLUSH LAFFS

A MARRIAGE broker introduced a gorgeous gal to a young lawyer. Next day the legal man returned to the broker, saying, "There's one thing missing—sex. I want a sample before I marry her."

The marriage-maker summoned the lassie and told her, "That lawyer won't buy blind—he wants to know how good you are. He insists on a sample before marriage. What can I tell him?"

"Tell him," she cooed, "I won't give him any samples, but I'll give him plenty of references!"

A STUDIO needed a bubble dancer for a short film sequence, so the director promptly hired one. The following day the producer stormed into the director's office howling, "You're paying $500 a week for a lousy bubble dancer! Why so much?"

"Big girl! Small bubble!" was the reply.

IN the days when Robert Ripley published *Believe It or Not* an old duffer awakened with a lovely, large red rose growing in the middle of a head that had been bald when he went to bed. He dashed down to Ripley's office.

"I gotta see Bob," he said, as he stood there hatless.

"What about?" asked the receptionist.

HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER: "Let's have some real fun tonight."
PRODUCER'S WIFE: All right by me. Leave the hall light on if you get hame before I do."

A PRETTY young thing and her docctor were talking on the telephone. "Doctor," queried the girl, "Uh, did I leave my panties at your office this afternoon?"

"Why, no, you didn't," answered the doctor.

"Oh, now I know," the cutie exclaimed. "I must have left them at my dentist's."

A FAMOUS actor, doing his duty at a benefit affair, asked a maiden lady to dance. As they waltzed, she simpered, "Oh, whatever made you ask poor little me to dance?"

The gallant actor replied, "This is a charity ball, isn't it?"

THE librarian was approached one day by an old maid who inquired:

"Can you recommend a good book for me?"

"Here's one about a cardinal," the librarian replied.

"Too religious," snapped the dame.

"But this one," the librarian explained, "is a bird."

"Young man," the woman said," I am not interested in his private life either."

THE headmistress of a fashionable girl's school was interviewing a new student. She spent an hour telling the Miss the general rules, and finally said:

"There are just two words I want you to refrain from using. One is *swell* and the other is *lousy.*"

"All right," the girl answered brightly; "What are they?"

THRUSTING my nose firmly between his teeth, I threw him heavily on the ground on top of me.

Mark Twain

A SAILOR was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for ten years, he awoke one morning and saw a lovely young babe floating toward the beach on a barrel. The barrel washed ashore, and the woman approached.

"Hello there," said she, "and how long have you been here?"

"More than ten years," said the sailor.

"Gracious," purred the woman. "Then I shall give you something you certainly haven't had for a long time."

"Bus' my leg," said the sailor. "Don't tell me you got beer in that barrel."

ONE of the world's leading detectives died and applied for admission to Heaven. An attendant at the gates told him there was not even standing room:

"We're full up; you'll have to go on the waiting list."

The detective refused to wait, however, so the attendant finally said:

"If you can pick out Adam from the millions of people in there, I'll let you stay."

So the detective pushed his way inside. In less than an hour he was back, arm-in-arm with Adam. The guardian of the gates was amazed.

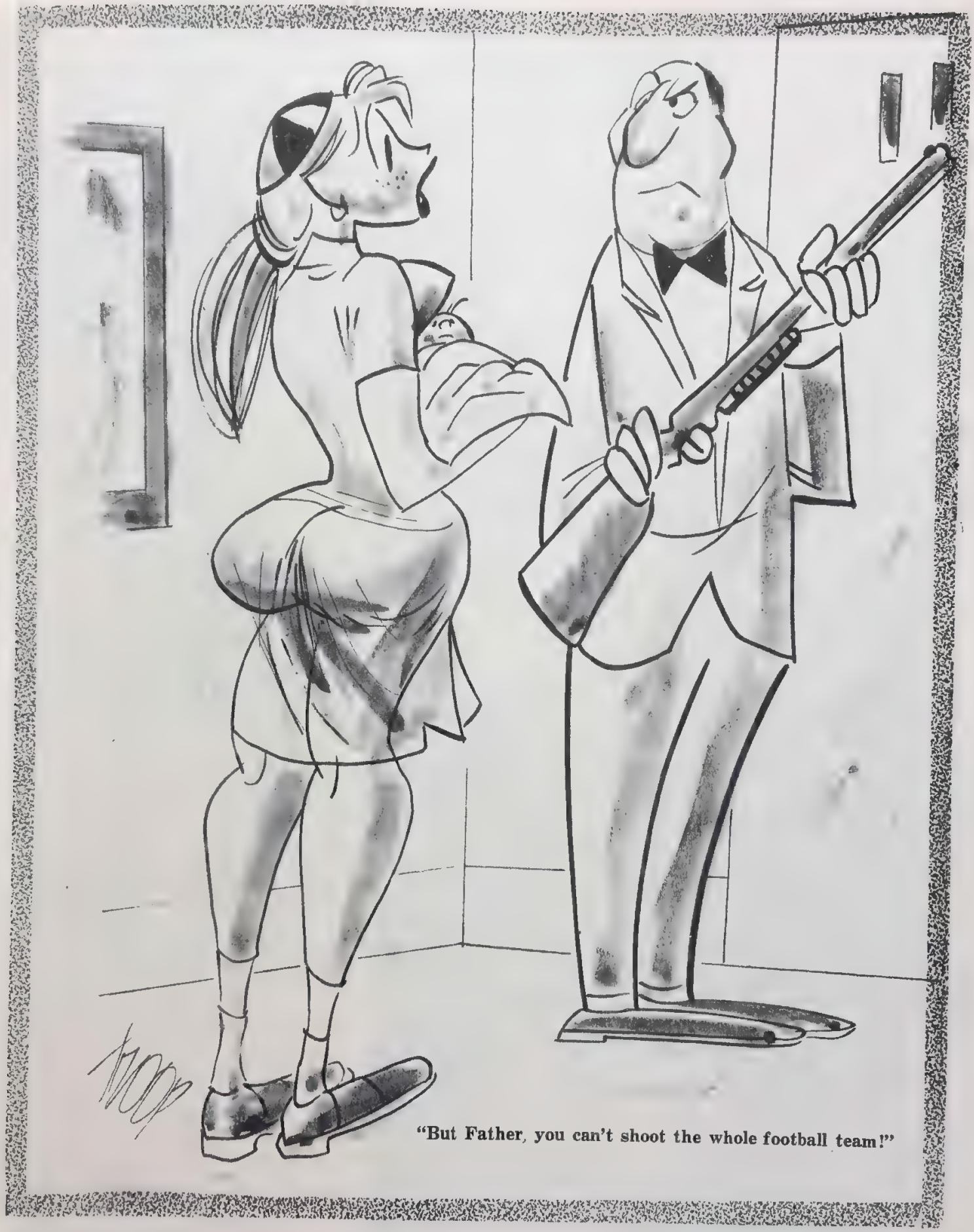
"How in the world did you ever find him?"

"Quite simple," the detective replied. "I merely looked for a man without a navel."

AROUND White River Junction, Vermont, a tourist came across an old car that was stuck in a mud puddle. He stopped to see if he could help and saw the angry driver harnessing two kittens to the front axle.

"For the love of Mike," he gasped; "You're not going to try to haul the car out with those kittens, are you?"

"Don't know why not," drawled the farmer. "I've got a whip, ain't I?"



"But Father, you can't shoot the whole football team!"

IN LONDON, ENGLAND, we bumped into Nadine Moser, a cute little bundle of British beauty. Nadine loves the sea, and sailors. Sailors are so exciting, she declares, because you never know when they are arriving, and when one's at sea, there's always another one in port. That, we'll accept from Nadine.

THE SEA AND THE SAND are like poetry to Nadine . .

. . . they make her feel phantastically romantic. When she gets married, she's going to insist on a house right on the water front. so she can take a dip — before "breakfast."

THE gal must have sea in her veins. She told "Plush" she actually spends more time in the water than in bed. We've heard of pens that write under water, but — well, perhaps Nadine will find a husband who's a skin diver as well as a sailor.

CATCH HER, BOYS! Nadine looks as if she's ready to take a plunge any moment, so get your flippers. Once she's in the water, she really takes some catching.

Petro Paulo Rubens

The Robust Nudes of Peter Paul Rubens

PETER Paul Rubens, born in 1577, is renowned for his magnificent pictures of healthy luscious looking women. Most of his paintings show generously proportioned, big breasted females symbolic of the "earthy power of womanhood." Rubens achieved his effects not only in the robust figures of his women, but in his exquisite skin tones. Looking at one of his works, the spectator surrenders to the impression that the sensuous women are really alive.

A superb realist, Rubens succeeded in portraying real women very different from the carefully posed ladies committed to canvas by his contemporaries.

BORN of wealthy parents of Flemish origin, he very early in life showed great talent for art. As a boy he made drawings of the lusty farm girls and serving maids employed on his father's estate. Seeing these well stacked girls in the nude (when he was very young) probably gave him his taste for voluptuous women.

As the son of the master of the big estate, the young artist must have enjoyed the passionate interludes with the robust wenches which his creative energies demanded.

ADAM AND EVE — Rubens copied this picture from Titian's, but his cunning brush added an earthly realism and sensual impact. Which caused a sensation when first shown.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS was one of Ruben's favorite subjects. This is one of his best studies of the voluptuous goddesses.

In all his works, the handsome bearded artist endowed his female figures with exciting voluptuous breasts, broad challenging hips and exquisitely drawn thighs.

RUBENS obviously derived a great deal of pleasure painting the picture of the three hefty dames, The Goddesses, Mineva Juno and Venus who were taking part in the first recorded beauty contest, the gals showing off their charms for a handsome young fellow named Paris.

The picture created a scandal. The goddesses looked too real. People had never imagined the ladies of mythology could have such seductive breasts and stimulating torsos. The winner, incidentally, was the gal in the middle, Venus whom Rubens depicted as the most entrancing of the girls. While the other girls are making the most of what they have, which is plenty, Venus stands gracefully in the middle, a modest shapely lass.

THE King of Spain bought the picture which you can still see in all its entrancing color in the Prado at Madrid, Spain but having made the decision to buy, he wanted some changes made. He asked Rubens to modify "the excessive nakedness" of the girls. Rubens refused, saying that was how he painted female figures and that was how they would remain. Then he confided a secret to the king's representative. The picture of Venus which the critics had already proclaimed as the best of the three was a very good like-

DIANA AND CALLISTO — These girls are listening to the sad story of a girl who was wronged. The expressions on their faces and the postures of their magnificent bodies are eloquent of their interest.

THE ABDUCTION — This painting literally sizzles with action as the horsemen seize the luscious young women to carry them off and enjoy their lusty bodies.

ness of his own wife, and he wasn't going to do a thing about it.

Rubens married a wealthy girl who was in keeping with his idea of feminine beauty. He painted her into several of his pictures and while they were on their honeymoon did a picture of them both which the critics hailed as a symbol of happy marriage.

FOUR years after this wife, Isabella, died leaving his two sons, Rubens fell madly in love with Helene Fourment, a well-built young woman of sixteen whose sister, Suzanne had been posing for him. At fifty-three he married his lovely Helene who bore him five children.

The artist constantly showed his affection for his youthful wife by using her as a model as often as possible. One of his most famous portraits shows her with her splendid torso draped in a short fur coat, his

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T SAY NO

Meeting up with the vice squad cop that night scared me — but not enough. Round 2 A.M., I got Johnny on the phone. "I'm tired," he complained, "I only just got in."

"Come up, Johnny," I ordered. He hesitated. "OK, Ronnie, but it'll cost you twenty bucks this time."

I would have paid double.

IT all started in my last year at high school. The gang had voted me the "Girl Most Likely To Success." We celebrated, of course, and that night when my head was swimming with spiked cokes, I lay down to "neck" on the beach under the western sky with a boy named Jed, the star athlete of our graduating class. The roar of the Pacific rollers was sweet music in my ears. It did more to awaken me than all of Jed's fumbling love making.

After that night, I was a little curious about sex, although I had hardly given it a thought earlier. Jed had seemed as exhaused as if he had run a four-minute mile. To me, what he had done meant absolutely nothing. I listened to other girls describing their experiences. What was I missing?

One night at a wild nude party in a boy's studio at Laguna Beach when five girls paired off with five boys, I heard the other kids groaning and squealing with ecstacy, and wondered. I had nothing to groan about. This love making business left me completely cold. I didn't dislike it, of course, but it could never send me as it seemed to do the others.

I began to brood. Perhaps boys weren't my type. I had read somewhere that older men were better. To prove it, I made myself up to look as old as I knew how and walked boldly into a bar, and picked up a middle aged man. He took me to a sleasy hotbed hotel. I layed on the bed watching the cockroaches running up and down the exposed plumbing. If this was sex, it wasn't for me. How bored could you get?

BUT I wasn't satisfied. It must be the men — not me. A girl with my body and looks couldn't be all that wrong. Wherever I went, men looked at men and wanted me. A motion picture director stopped me in the street and offered me a film test. I knew what he wanted. I gave it to him in the Hollywood-Biltmore Hotel. When I told him his love-making bored me, he was furious, and tried again. He ordered drinks. He pleaded. I had insulted his ego. To put himself right with himself he had to keep trying. Finally, he gave up and I left him to sleep off his fatigue.

Chris, my room mate, suggested I try a muscle man. She showed me the physical culture magazines she read so avidly. These men, she said, were athletes. They didn't drink or smoke, and that helped to make them good lovers.

I found Ed on "Muscle Beach." He weighed 250 lbs. with muscles bulging all over him like potato sacks. His skin tanned a delicious golden brown, he looked a picture of masculine beauty.

That night, I went home by cab because I couldn't walk. My lips were bleeding. My shoulders and thighs ached so much that I couldn't decide whether it was best to sit or stand. My head was reeling as if I was drunk.

Ed was something very different. Driving me back to his shack near the beach he was tender and amusing. I began to experience the thrills I wanted digging my fingers into his biceps and pinching his iron clad legs.

In his room I peeled off everything to display my 38-26-36 figure, but he hardly gave me a glance. Instead of dashing over to grab me as I expected, Ed bared his own magnificent physique and picked up the heavy barbells with which he had built those mighty muscles. As he strained and pushed, his clean cut blond features lit with a mystical light as if his thoughts were in heaven. I watched him fascinated. Here was one wonderful piece of man. I was picturing myself as Venus waiting for Appollo.

Each time he raised the huge weights, Ed gave a little snort. His sweating body looked as if it was coated with golden lacquer. The odor of his perspiration assailed my senses pleasantly.

Suddenly he put down the barbells and sprang at me like a panther. The mighty swipe he crashed across my face with his open palm knocked me clean off my feet. Before I could even scream, he picked me up like a rag doll and slapped me again. Then he sank his teeth deep into the flesh just under my ribs. I squealed with pain and hit him with all the strength I could muster. I grabbed his right ear and tore at it. He slapped my arm away, turned me over and spanked me with avalanche of stinging blows.

I screamed, and he laughed like a demon. Then he left me for a moment. When I heard his bare feet come padding back across the room, I peeked between my fingers. In his hand was a thick leather belt.

"Scream all you want, sister," he snarled. "I like it." The belt cracked across my naked body. The pain was excruciating. I shouted for help until I fainted. When I came to, he was slapping my face, and making love to me with bestial fury.

My evidence, and that of two other girls, sent Ed to prison. It was my duty to society; but that night, as my broken body crawled into bed, the shocking truth dawned on me.

I had been satisfied physically only by this brutal sadist. I realized with mounting horror that such a thing might never happen again. It hasn't.

BECAUSE of the notoriety, the newspaper headlines had brought me, I came to New York, and took a job. While I worked I was safe, but the moment my mind was unoccupied, the erotic urge came. The memory of that weird sadistic orgy with Ed was burned into my senses. Somewhere, in the great city there must be the man!

I tried them all, hating myself for what I was doing. I lured a wiry young high school "rock" to my apartment and deliberately beat him up. He fought back and overpowered me snarling and cursing. But it wasn't the same.

I went to a psychiatrist. His advice helped, but the urge came back stronger than ever. I surrounded myself with healthy young executives like Johnny, but they soon tired. I was too easy, and too demanding.

One man who nearly satisfied me was in his fifties, but was fat and graying. He had a wife and children. Sometimes he slept over in my apartment from sheer exhaustion while I went out to scour the bars for aonther man to put me to sleep in a hotel.

I hated what I was doing. I knew the terrible risk of going with strange men. Every report of a sex crime in the news columns jabbed me into a miasma of hysterical fear. I was scared of contracting some horrible disease, or blackmail.

I prayed to find just one man who would make a decent woman of me. Some nights I locked myself in my apartment. I soaked myself for hours in boiling hot baths, but it didn't help. I screamed till I was hoarse. I smashed dishes against the wall, but the urge was always there, clawing, burning, hurting, deep inside me.

Oddly enough, my work was getting better and better. I was earning more than some of the men copy writers. My handsome young boss never tried to conceal he was crazy about me.

"Ronnie," he said one day, "Why isn't a lovely creature like you married?"

I laughed and told him the right man hadn't come along.

"What about me?" he said standing close to me, his eyes burning into mine.

I shook my head. "No, Bill, not even you. There isn't a man born who could satisfy me." That was the truth, but I didn't have to give him details. My job was too precious. Back in my own little office I dabbed at my tears.

I dreaded the thought of the bleak evening stretching ahead. I hadn't seen Bill my fifty year old suburban lover for nearly a whole week. I mustn't let him get away. Supposing he had tired of me? The thought was terrifying. I called him at the office. The operator connected me with his boss. "Didn't you know?" a solemn voice inquired. "Poor old Bill died suddenly — a heart attack. He got home in the small hours last Saturday morning and dropped dead in the kitchen as he was making a cup of coffee . . ."

". . . the small hours of Saturday morning." The words stabbed into my consciousness. Bill had been up at my place Friday. I had been so hungry for his love that I wouldn't let him even take me out to dinner. He had begged to stay the night. His haggard pleading face swam before my eyes. "Honey, I'm pooped. I gotta have some sleep. I won't make the station." #

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CASANOVA WAS A PIKER

came back with a pair of horse pistols, loaded and primed. Her first shot shattered the celing and covered the drunken colonel with plaster.

Charteris who had talked his way out of many such a situation decided to play the diplomat. "Don't take it so baldly, Sarah," he said, "There's no need to blow your brains out."

"I'm not blowing my brains out," retorted the-determined teen. She aimed the massive pistol at the Colonel's stomach, "I'm going to blow off your——."

Sarah stayed with the colonel long enough to bear three children and obtain a life settlement for each of them.

THE Colonel's reputation became so infamous that landlords along the route from London to his Scottish estates refused him lodgings, particularly because he rarely paid the bills. In one city where the local inn would not make him welcome, he persuaded the local minister to give him shelter.

When he laid siege to the parson's daughter, she announced that he would have to rent a room in town, because her scruples would not stomach such an affair under her father's roof. Charteris hired a room over a carpenter's shop in town. The maid servant who showed him the place was buxom and wenchable. So having wenched himself at the cost of a shilling (one quarter) the Colonel rode back to break the good news to his intended paramour.

The next Sunday while the good people of the town were at church, Charteris and his girl friend began their party. "This was indeed a lusty wench" wrote Francis in his diary. "After several encounters, and some drinks of her father's sherry wine which she brought with her, I, being very tired, did fall asleep. On waking I was convinced I was in hell; because flames and smoke were all around."

They were. Someone, perhaps the serving maid, had set fire to the shavings in the carpenter's shop, in a fit of jealously and the building was ablaze. Outside, a crowd had gathered. Charteris and his fair companion jumped for their lives out of the window, on to mattresses the constables had spread out on the ground. As they landed, the crowd roared with laughter. The pair were stark naked.

FURTHER north, Charteris' luck deserted him. Riding in a back street of Edinburg, Scotland, he overtook a local housewife whose figure appealed to him. Appropriately stripped for action, the ungallant colonel with pistol in hand, gave her a choice of death or dishonor. The lady chose dishonor, in broad daylight, but when she got back home, she talked — to her husband. That afternoon, while Charteris was attending to the daughter of a magistrate in her father's chambers at the law courts, he was arrested by the Sheriff's men for rape. The next Monday, although defended by Duncan Forbes, the 'Gerry Geisler' of the day, he was sentenced to be hanged.

Asked to make a last request before going to the gallows, he demanded: "The hangman's daughter, or three fat harlots, at the expense of the city."

Instead, he got a reprieve from the king. He celebrated its arrival by paying for a solemn thanksgiving service at the local cathedral, and announcing his intention of setting up a foundation to educate all his illegitimate children, and also a hostel for fallen women.

Later he appointed an eminent preacher, Thomas Woolston, as his personal chaplain, and settled down to increase his real estate holdings, and make up his lost time with the girls. He scrupulously kept a record of each affair, with dates and names, and comments.

By this time, his reputation was so bad that his agents could not maintain the supply of serving maids to the town house. Charteris instructed them to use the names of his friends, or even of the King himself, and doubled the fee for good looking virgins delivered to his housekeeper.

ONE day, when he first set eyes on the latest arrival, he reflected that quality could be better than quantity. Ann Bond was a dish, tall, blonde, and blue eyes, with luscious curves, and an angelic expression.

Only one thing was wrong. Because of the colonel's scorching reputation, the agents had not told her for whom she was working. When she saw Charteris, she refused to play, and tried to quit. Francis told his housekeeper to keep the girl prisoner.

On the morning of November eleventh, unable to contain himself any longer, Charteris had the fire made up in his bedroom, and sent for the beauty. She was brought to his room, stripped.

Charteris went to work, but Ann put up a terrific fight. In final desperation, she seized a flaming brand from the fire, and succeeded in burning the Colonel *where it hurt most.*

But the cursing lusting soldier finally accomplished his purpose. Then, nursing his singed person, he had the girl thrown into the street. If she came back for her clothes, he said, she was to be charged with stealing his purse.

Ann, however, was no strumpet. Aided by her indignant father and some of his powerful friends. she had Charteris indicted for rape. After a two day trial at the Old Bailey, during which the jury inspected his burns which were accepted as evidence against him, Charteris was sentenced to be hanged and carried off to Newgate Prison in chains to await execution.

But his friends were powerful. In those days, rape was the privilege of the rich, only it wasn't called that; and so the King ordered his immediate release on the condition he paid the girl 800 guineas. Francis insisted on giving her 2,000, and promised to raise the child of the union, if there was one.

On his way home, from Newgate to his mansion in Kensington, after his release, his luck seemed to desert him. A band of irate fathers whose daughters had been initiated by the Colonel overturned his coach. They disturbed Charteris being entertained by two harlots who quickly fled, leaving him to be beaten almost to pulp by the angry mob. His life was saved only by the arrival of the King's constables.

FOR months the Colonel lay dying, tended, strangely enough, by his loyal wife and daughter. Feeling uncertain as to his ultimate destination, he offered 30,000 guineas to anyone who could prove to him that he would not go to hell. Before he could be convinced, however, and his decision was doubtless aided by his daughter who considered such an expenditure on an intangible as an utter waste of that money she hoped to inherit, Charteris died at the age of fifty-seven.

Apart from his success with women, and at popular estimate, and by his own statements, he had relations with more than 10,000, Francis Charteris was a financial genius. With an uncanny nose for profitable stock and real estate deals, he piled up a massive fortune. He added to it by lending money at high rates of interest, investing the profits judiciously, and never spending money on himself except on necessities.

As a gambler, he was unequalled.

When he went to Aix-La-Chapelle where his doctor had ordered him to take a cure, he divided his hours between women and gambling. His average weekly take at the tables was said to amount to the equivalent of $5000. As for the girls, his arrival caused such a sensation among the local harlots that the police had to be called out to keep the ladies of the night from rushing the hotel where he stayed. To solve this problem, Charteris issued tickets of admittance which the police sold to the girls, but he would only dally with five a day, the doctor having ordered him to take a "real rest."

Search of the records turns up no proof of his ever having any real friends. Dr. Clark who attended him during his last illness described him as "The terriblest patient I ever had, with the manners of a pig, and the roar of a lion. I lived two days of hell in his house . . . he seems to have died of a decay of nature . . ." #

THE VIRGIN WHO WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

someone good, kind and rich — rich enough, so you would never have to worry for the rest of your life."

Her mother kissed Magda. "We'll find him, darling." She shed a silent tear, "There isn't a man good enough for my little girl, but we'll find one." Somewhere in the whole of Germany, Mrs. Schmidt felt, there must be a man young enough and with enough money to make her daughter a good husband.

SHORTLY after this conversation, the neighbors had plenty to talk about. Scarcely a day passed but one or two, and sometimes three, responsible looking men called at the solid brick house that was the Schmidt residence. More intriguing still was the news passed out by Hans the mailman who reported the daily arrival of an abnormal amount of mail for Frau Schmidt.

The truth was that Magda's mother had inserted an announcement in the matrimonial columns of the big Berlin newspaper, and had mailed a fetching picture of Magda to each reply which seemed worth while. So they came to the house; tall men, short men, fat men and thin men, dark men, and blond men, all intent to view the goddess seeking a mate.

After they had been screened by Frau Schmidt, selected applicants were permitted to have a private interview with the gorgeous Magda whom mama had dressed in such a way that anyone but a blind man could see had everything a girl should have, only on her it looked better.

Mama who had been around extensively as a youngster, and still

"Guess which wallpaper we're not buying."

looked as if she could go around again was flattered when two of the older applicants laid their hearts and their billfolds at her feet even before seeing Magda, but she was worried when her lovely daughter frankly admitted she hadn't seen anything to her taste. Magda even turned her pretty thumbs down on a handsome young millionaire from Hamburg who arrived in a chauffeur driven American Cadillac.

"Don't you really want to get married, Magda?" she inquired a trifle impatiently after applicant number 60 had been sent on his way.

Magda shrugged her shapely shoulders. "I do — I suppose, but none of them are really interesting."

Frau Schmidt suffered a pang of sharp regret. Such a beautiful girl, and she had no interest in men. It was her fault of course. She had brought Magda up too strictly, and she hadn't told her the facts of life. Now was a good time perhaps, but she shrank from the problem. Besides, another caller was due in a few minutes.

WHEN she opened the door to Hans Konrad. Frau Schmidt's matronly heart did a distinct flip. Here was a terrific young man. Eying him and stammering a welcome, she succumbed to a pang of envy. If she had only met a young god like this when she was Magda's age. As she looked at his deep set dark blue eyes and tawny gold hair, the nipples of her ample bosoms hardened with a vicarious thrill. If Magda didn't fall for this one, she had a hole in her head which could only be mended with a good slapping.

Frau Schmidt was nothing if not businesslike. She examined the young man's credentials with meticulous care. Only when her cash register mind was completely satisfied that he was well enough placed in life, did she flutter into Magda's studio bedroom to announce the arrival of Prince Charming himself.

Having insisted on Magda changing into a simple blue dress that matched her eyes and revealed every curve of her magnificent figure to its very best advantage, Mama went to fetch the young man.

"Be very nice to him, darling," she told her daughter, "And be sure to answer all his questions fully, and don't be cold to him." She winked her eye. "You might even allow him to take just a little liberty, if you like him, and I am sure you will."

HANS caught his breath when he saw the gorgeous piece of girlhood to whom mama introduced him. He had answered the advertisement more or less as a gag. Not in his wildest dreams did he ever imagine he would meet up with such a luscious piece. Magda was something like a picture in a girlie book, only she was real. His eyes took stock of the sapphire blue eyes, the soft warm mouth, the dimples, the unbelievable breasts that seemed to clamor for caresses. He noticed too, with sky rocketting interest that her legs were long and shapely, and that she moved as sinuously as a panther.

Now Hans was a diplomat. He knew that a girl like Magda could not be rushed, so he talked and talked, and kept talking, but not about himself. It pleased him to see a gleam of interest in her eyes as the conversation went through dancing and skiing to movies and automobiles. He told her of Hollywood, where he had never been, of his work as a sports car tester and racing driver, of the new family automobile he was designing, and finally he got to the subject of marriage.

Marriage he said, was a most serious matter, and so he would have to ask her questions on certain aspects, and he hoped she would do the same. Magda who was sitting with one lovely leg curled under her, nodded agreement.

So they talked, and finally Hans made his point. Sex, he said, was most important in a happy marriage, and as everyone knew, there were two aspects of sex, the physical and the mental, and one was completely shot without the other, which was why so many marriages failed.

Seeing that Magda's delicately chizelled face was lit in agreement, Hans went on to say that some of the marriages which might have been wonderfully successful were complete failures because the couples didn't get along well in bed.

"Yes, I've heard of that," agreed Magda. "It must be dreadful."

Hans nodded. "It is hell on earth, and we wouldn't want it to happen to us, would we? I can see you are a very sensible girl, and I think you would make a very good wife. On my side I think I shall make you a very good husband, but I want you to know all about me."

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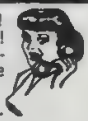

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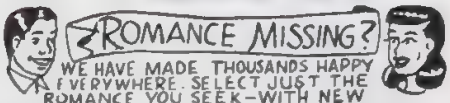

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Magda's sapphire eyes told Hans that he was doing well. Aloud, she asked, "And how would you solve such problems, Herr Konrad?"

"By trial and error as we do in the engineering laboratories," answered Hans. Then, having turned the door key in the lock, he took Magda in his arms and pressed his hard firm mouth on hers, which he found soft and responsive.

"Good?" he inquired regarding her critically as if he were examining a laboratory specimen. Magda smiled and gasped. Instead of answering in words, she stretched her warm slim arms round his neck and put her lips up to his. "Now it is my turn to take a sample," she said.

HANS knew the next move was up to him. He took off his shirt, and flexed his muscles in approved he-man style. "It is only fair that you should see the kind of man who may be father of your children," he announced. Because Magda did not answer or flinch, he gently unzipped the blue dress and slipped it down until it fell round her ankles. "And I want to see the kind of woman who will mother my children," he whispered, as he kissed her warm pulsing shoulder.

Magda did not protest. She soon made it evident to Hans that she enjoyed pressing her burgeoning breasts into his hard lean body as much as he enjoyed the electrifying touch of her.

"Is it satisfactory?" he asked. She replied by standing on tiptoe to press her lips hard and long on his. When his hand made a voyage of exploration on her body where no man's hand had ever been before, she gave out a rapturous little moan, and allowed her own hand to explore; and gasped with excitement at what she found.

"It's beautiful," she cried. "You're beautiful, Herr Konrad. I never imagined a man could have such perfect development."

At that, Hans lifted her up and laid her gently on the bed. "This is only the beginning, Fraulein," he said leaning over her. "You want to be sure, don't you. You want a complete sample."

The breath went out of her as she said "Yes, Herr Konrad, I must have a complete sample." A slight almost involuntary press up of her magnificent body gave the intelligent young man the opening he sought. The contact was rapturous. Magda sunk her teeth into his muscled chest in case she cried out accidentally. Above everything else, she didn't want her mother to think she was quarrelling with this handsome suitor.

AS she lay back relaxed later, Magda stirred and sighed. "It was a beautiful sample, Herr Konrad."

He nodded agreement. "I found it completely satisfactory, Fraulein, when can we be married?"

A puzzling little Mona Lisa smile came over Magda's relaxed face. "I can't say, yet," she said dreamily. I'll have to talk it over with mother." Zipping herself into the blue dress and fixing her mane of redgold hair she became suddenly very wifely and practical. "Now hurry and dress Herr Konrad, or mother will begin to worry."

MRS. Schmidt worried quite a lot, particularly when her lovely daughter insisted on recalling twenty or more of the most promising applicants for second interviews. "I'm sure they won't mind mother," she said, "it's really rather important."

Poor Hans was even more worried when six month's later Magda was still stalling about naming the wedding day, although her mother was all in favor of the marriage. "You must be patient Herr Konrad," Magda told him over the telephone, "I'll call you as soon as I've finished taking *samples*. I want to be sure Hans, you know — just like you told me." #

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- *Dr. de Pomiade, 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics, Baden-Baden, Germany; April 5, 1956.
- Dr. Maurice Mathias, Pasteur Institute of Tunisia, October, 1952.
- Cowdry's Problem of Aging, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 8, No. 3, July, 1953.)
- Analyses of Royal Jelly and Pollen, Nevin Weaver and Kenneth A. Kuiken (Technical Contribution, No. 1485 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.)
- Longevity Factors in Royal Jelly, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 3, No. 1, January, 1948.)

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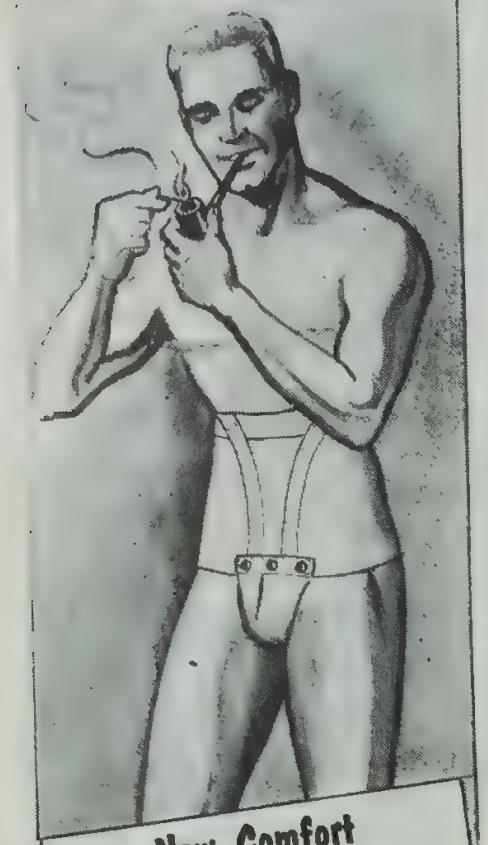

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BIG MISSUS SLEPT ALONE

most of the night with Big Tuan. Aluna knew something else. Big Missus who had already given her $50 for a special service would have to be very nice to her for ever.

Lena knew how to be diplomatic. Her voice was honied as she sat on the edge of the bed and said. "I'll be out to breakfast in a minute, Aluna, darling. There's a can of grapefruit in the kitchen. I'd like that, and some eggs. Be a sweet girl, and hurry. I m so hungry."

Watching Aluna glide out, Lena wished she could learn to walk so gracefully.

Freshened up, and wearing a gaily colored flowered kimona, she went into the dining room where Aluna had laid out her breakfast on a sparkling white cloth. She greeted Lena with a rapturous almost adoring child smile. "Big Missus look so beautiful this morning," she exclaimed. Impulsively, she took the scarlet flower from her own raven hair and pinned it on Lena's shining blond head.

When she brought Lena a second cup of coffee, Aluna said in a whisper. "Johnny bring nice little krait tonight. Tomorrow, Big Missus free like a bird."

WAITING for Larry to come for tiffin, Lena took out Vane's book on snakes and read the section on kraits. Somewhere out in the brush, Aluna's little brother, Johnny, was catching a krait, a deadly little viper that was attracted by the heat of the human body. The Krait was a nervous little fellow, and struck the moment it was disturbed. Its bite was very deadly. Lena's pulse stirred as she visualized the evening ahead. She and Vane would have a party. They'd drink a whole lot, and — Lena smiled softly as she succumbed to a warm feeling deep inside her — and when Vane passed out, she'd dump him into that disgusting bed. Thinking of the "nice little krait" made her shudder. Snakes were horrible.

LARRY, six foot, blond and briskly youthful, came bounding in on the stroke of noon. Just looking at him gave Lena a terrific kick. His white linen suit was immaculate. Everything about him was clean and fresh. After their first drink, she took him to her neat bedroom where Aluna had put some freshly cut flowers. To make certain the coast was clear, Lena walked out to the dockside. The heat mist hung heavy over the lagoon. There was not a boat in sight. Aluna was talking to Johnny. Lena resisted the temptation to ask if the kid had caught the krait, and hurried into the house. Larry had already stripped and showered. He was flexing his big muscles in the mirror as she came in, tore off the kimona, and threw her pulsating naked self into his arms.

Lying relaxed in bed listening to the clicking of the cicadas and the booming of the frogs, she decided she couldn't tell Larry of her plan. He was too young, too clean. He might not understand.

Larry's hand reached over and fondled her demandingly. She turned to him, as the heat of rekindled desire sorched her. He put his hard firm mouth on hers, and whispered, "Darling, this would be so much better if we were married. I can't help thinking of Vane."

"Forget him," she implored. "He doesn't care. He gets all he wants from Aluna."

Larry chuckled. "She's an attractive little devil. I don't blame him. If you weren't around, I think I'd go for her myself."

"If you did I'd kill you," passioned Lena.

THAT evening she fixed a special dinner for Vane. His gratitude for her impromptu little attention almost wrung tears from her heart. After she had served him cocktails, he excused himself and went to his room. He came back, carefully groomed, looking debonair and distinguished in his white tuxedo and black tie. "Lena, you're wonderful," he said kissing her tenderly. "This is just what I needed to boost my morale. I've been getting sloppy, I know."

During dinner, he raised his wine glass to toast her. "Darling," he enthused, "The day I met you was the luckiest in my whole life." You're a wonderful gal."

Lena smilingly responded. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Aluna heading for the bedroom with a small box in her hand. Poor Vane — but it was too late now. In any case, she reassured herself, by to-morrow — if

he were alive — he would be the same as ever, sloppy, unshaven, drunken.

She finished her drink and pushed her glass across for him to refill, and purred. "You're my favorite husband, Vane. Now I'll toast you." She turned to Aluna standing like a shadowed statue in the doorway leading to the kitchen. "You can go, Aluna. I'll stack the dishes and you can do them in the morning."

When Aluna was gone, she gave Vane a sweet provocative smile. "I don't want competition tonight, darling. I want you all to myself."

There was no harm in tempting Vane. He wasn't a twice-a-day man any more, and she'd taken care of him well in the morning. One more drink and he'd be flat out. She reached for his glass to fill it, and her heart chilled with sudden terror.

Before she could protest, Vane had picked her up and was carrying her unsteadily towards the bedroom. Lena saw the passion burning in his glazed eyes, and alarm bells of horror began to clang in her mind. That horrible bed . . . the little krait.

With an effort she controlled herself. "Darling, she said sweetly, let's go into my room. It's cooler."

It was then that Vane stumbled and they both landed heavily on his bed. Lena shreiked and bounced off like an acrobat on a trampolin. Vane lunged for her and ripped open the front of her dress. "Come on, honey," he snapped, his voice husky with liquor.

Lena stepped back, trembling. Her eyes were round with fear. "I don't like your bed, Vane," she managed. "It smells."

Vane lurched to his feet and laughed. "Sure it smells — just like a man's bed should. It's my bed, and I like it, and you're my wife, and you're going to get into it right now."

"I'm not, Vane. I can't." Lena was hysterical. "Please Vane." She put her warm demanding arms around his neck and pulled his trucculent puzzled face down to hers. "Vane," she whispered with all the passion she could contrive, "Not on that bed tonight, darling. I feel so romantic. Don't spoil it. I know! Let's pretend we're not married and use the sofa. Please Vane — just this once, just to show that you love me."

VANE agreed because he was hungry for her. It was nearly two o'clock when after having given him a triple Scotch as a nightcap, she

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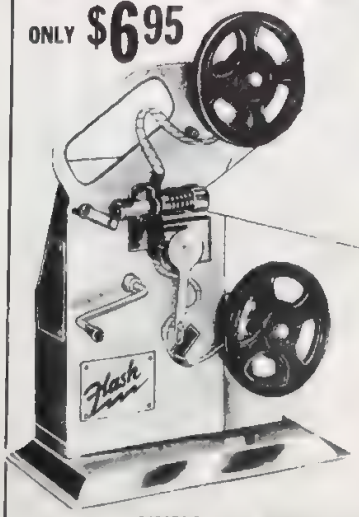

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Address

"Rent collector? Why no — I'm just fortunate enough to look like him."

gingerly pushed his sleepy befuddled body into the big bed. After staring for a moment in frozen horror at what she had done, she fled into her own room in a sudden spasm of fear.

Before she went to sleep, Lena rehearsed very carefully in her mind just how she would behave when Aluna brought the news. Poor Vane! There were so many things about him that she liked. It would be easy to cry for him.

ALUNA was humming a gay little tune as she tidied up the living room next morning and Vane staggered in, wild eyed and desperate. "Big Missus" he cried, and choked, "Big Missus dead — a damned krait." He slumped into the wicker arm chair and tears gushed from his bloodshot eyes.

Aluna poured him a drink. She padded softly over and sat by his side. She wiped his brows with one of Lena's handkerchiefs. "Never mind, Tuan Vane," she said softly her scented lips brushing his ear. "Aluna keep house for Tuan while Big Missus gone. Aluna do *everything* all day for Tuan."

Aluna smiled contentedly as she cooked Big Tuan's breakfast. Things had gone as she had planned. #

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH FRENCH GIRLS

joy had been bundling deliciously when in a moment of tender passion he bent down to kiss her. He was quite put back when she covered her mouth with her hands, and said in a shocked tone. "No darling — you must not kiss me there. I am keeping my lips for my husband."

That, I would say, is a very delicate sentiment. You can imagine how wonderful that girl felt when husband Jacques came home, after carefully wiping lipstick from his mouth, and crushing her in his arms, demanded, "*Cherie*, you have not kissed anyone while I was away," and she was able to say "Yes" with the truth shining in her big blue eyes.

MARISE, a slick chic who works as a steno in an ad agency on the Champs Elysees, the show avenue of Paris, explained it this way. "For us, the game of love is the game of life, and a girl has to make rules, and she also must know how to play. Americans never really understand, and they don't play well."

"Explain," I demanded. "I thought American men were so attractive to you French girls."

"They are *magnifique* to look at," she laughed. "As Frenchmen, they would be a great success. What I mean to say is, outside they are wonderful, but inside they are not grown up in the head. They talk too much about themselves, and they think that money will buy everything. Of course, there are a lot of things it will buy, but it will not buy real love — which is fun — if you know what I mean."

"Go on, Marise," I said. "I think I understand."

"Americans often want to do wrong things the wrong way, and about a girl they think the wrong things the moment they meet."

"For example?"

Marise shrugged, sipped her cocktail and said. "Well, for one thing because a girl says "No" over the first drink, or before she even has had a drink, the American think she is a virgin. Most likely she is not, but she has not made up her mind. So many of them do not know what the average French boy knows at six years old."

"Tell me," I said. "And I'll tell the

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"You mean that French gals like strong silent men?"

"On the contrary, they like men who talk passionately — about world events, politics, the theatre, and to pay them compliments — to make zee girl he is with feel she is the only girl in the world — or in zee bed, or wherever they are together. Few of the Americans think of anything but themselves and their own pleasure — even in love. You might say they are too much in a hurry going no place to enjoy what they are doing."

"But they can learn," I suggested. "All men are willing to learn — with the right teacher."

Marise didn't agree. "Zee American man knows everything. A woman has to be very patient to teach him new ways. In love, for instance, he is so often finished before she has begun."

LATER that evening, after spending two-and-a-half hours over a delicious meal which knocked me back all of six bucks, a late movie, and a nite-cap, Marise invited me to her bachelor-girl apartment for further discussion.

"Love is a very important part of a French girl's life," she said. "She knows what a man wants, and he knows what she likes, and they make a fair exchange. There is a difference between making love, and being in love. Making love is like playing tennis, or any other game, and you don't always play with the same partner, do you? Being in love is the highroad to marriage. Take me, for instance. I am in love with a boy who makes very little money and works very hard. I love him, and he loves me. I also have a middle aged friend who is very kind to me. He takes me out and gives me presents. He is married, but his wife no longer appreciates what he has to offer, so I make him happy. Hearing that, an American would think I am what he calls a bad girl — a pushover, but I am not. There are thousands of French girls in my position, and they are all good girls — some of them don't even drink or smoke."

I nodded. "And you, Marise, you might be persuaded to play the game of love, sometimes?"

"A clever man would invest his time to find out!" Marise answered. "I am a woman, after all." She got up, and her eyes gave me the green light." But first, I must make myself comfortable. These are my best clothes, and they are not suitable for *le sport.*

Marise was certainly a good player. As we said good night, she said. "You see now perhaps the difference between the French girl and the American girl. The French girl is what you call a sucker for men, but the American girl she make a sucker out of her man — and so it is different.

"Yes, Marise," I said. "It *is* different, and thank Heaven for the difference."

ANOTHER thing about French girls that may surprise you is that most of them are closer to their mothers than a canned sardine. And mama never forgets she was a girl once herself. When I was very green, I got mad as a bull when I found my girl friend was running round with a man old enough to be her father, and that mama was in the know.

"And why not?" said Mama. "I find it charming that a girl of Lola's age can capture the interest of such a distinguished personage. Monsieur Paul is not only rich, but he is kind and he is lonely. Lola has youth and gaiety. He has intelligence and *savoir faire.* From him my daughter can learn so much that a good wife should know."

Mama was right. Some years later I met Lalo in New York, married, elegant and twice as attractive, with plenty of know-how which is what *Savoir faire* means in French. Thank you *Monsieur* Paul, you did a good job.

NOW for a few random but pertinent facts about French girls which will help you to take advantage of De Gaul's devalued franc. You never pick up *Mademoiselle.* You just make her acquaintance. She doesn't resent the polite approach. Even when she's escorted, she's always ready to make an acquaintance. You can slip her a note, or better still, talk to her when she goes to the girl's room which in most restaurants is usually located next door to the men's. She may say "No" without offense, or "Perhaps — another time," just as nicely.

She loves conquests, hates dull company, and she'll let you know very frankly if you are wasting your time. Invite her out to dinner, and she may

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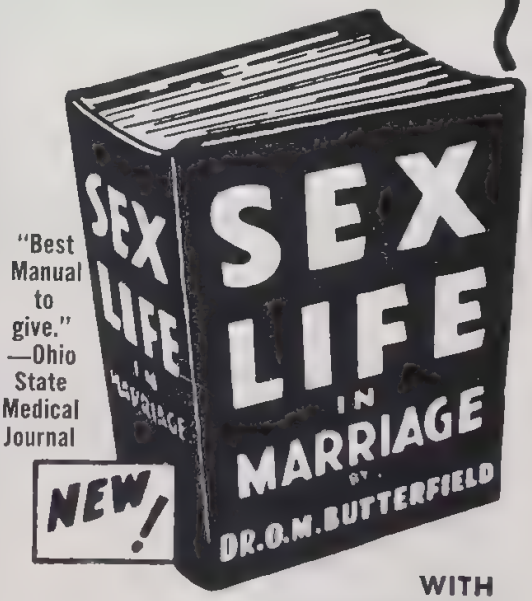

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say, "As a friend," and she'll mean it. If she doesn't, well, it's your invitation to play the game, and if you're a good man, you'll win.

She'll date, and ride in your automobile, but don't ask her to neck. She knows it's rough on her clothes and uncomfortable. There's a time and a place for everything, she feels, and an automobile is no place for making love — unless you're on a camping trip. For such events, you may have noticed, the obliging French automobile manufacturers sell cute little autos with seats that convert into beds. The boys and girls call them family cars, probably because they know, if you use them often enough, sooner or later you'll have a family; and then you'll be glad you own such a useful little car.

MISS France expects men to make passes — even if she wears glasses, and she likes new approaches. Tell her she's the most beautiful girl in the world. She'll know you're lying, but she'll love you for it. Don't tell her how many bathrooms you have back in America — she knows none of them have a *bidet* — and don't tell her that you never loved any other girl but her, or she'll think you're a queer.

By all means tell her about your mother, and your wife, if you have one. That makes her feel really feminine and protective. She'll understand how you are suffering with no woman to look after you, and, other things being equal, she'll take over.

Remember to talk to her as if she were an intelligent human being, which she is. Talk about things she understands, movies, automobiles, politics, women; never about yourself and how you got your letter at college.

She'll never gold-dig you American style, but she'll expect you to live up to her standards, and make graceful contributions to her budget. She loves flowers and candy and shopping trips, and she'll understand perfectly when you slip a few thousand francs into an envelope and leave it around the house. She knows that any money which passes from you to her is your appreciatilon for value received — and brother, she'll see you get value.

She's nuts about athletic men. Show her your muscles, and you're in — well, almost. Ski well, play tennis, ride, drive, dance, and she'll love you, and probably show you a thing or two. She's real wild about hi-fi, be-bob, classical music and masculine physique.

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"What's up, Doc?"

Most girls in the big cities will give their shirts for a shore vacation, but when they get there they want a man worth showing off, shaved, perfumed, bronzed and generally well groomed — even in his birthday suit.

THE average French girl has an appetite like a healthy young puppy, and is quite as playful but far more satisfying than man's best friend. Hurry her over a meal, and you'll go home alone, date her without offering lunch or dinner, and *you'll* not get a second date. At home, she's a wonderful cook. She'll make a salad as glamorously and scientifically as she conducts her love affairs, and she has more relatives than an American Irishman, loves them all, remembers their birthdays, and she expects them and you to remember hers.

Miss France is democratic. With her, the man's the thing . . . she'll consort wih mechanics or millionaires as long as they are man. When she's with you, she'll make you grow hair on your chest because you'll feel you are the most important thing in her life — and you'd better be if you want to be treated like a king for a day, a month, or a life-time.

ALTHOUGH, you might say these French gals are worth knowing, and as the local reporter says "a good time can be had by all" — if you have the time.

Even if your visit is a hurried one, the kind of here-to-day and gone-to-morrow type, take heart. Paris has a lot to offer. The French ladies who make a profession of what my friend Marise calls "zee game of love" are undoubtedly the most charming and approachable in the world. They like to eat too, and most of them offer a delightful "package" entertainment which is something you will want to tell your grandchildren about, but won't dare.

The French, one should add, are a lovely race when it comes to pleasure. A French waiter will never hover with the check while you are enjoying your coffee, neither will a French girl, well — I'm sure you get what I mean. Take your time, brother.

OF course, there are girls and girls in all nations, but the odds are high that in France when you take your pick, you'll get something good — by the home standards at least. You know, I'm sure, that Paris is a mere six hours away by jet plane these days which means you'll be able to have breakfast in New York, spend a few hours in Paris, and get home to mama for dinner, and I don't have to tell you that you can see quite a lot of mademoiselle in a few hours. Even if she does make a sucker out of you, you'll have fun. #

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CK-1 HALTER BRA... scoops down and down. Finest 100% nylon lace. Black or red with black lace. Sizes 32 to 38. **$3.98**

CK-2 MY SECRET . . . frilly nylon and lace briefs in black, white or red with black lace. Sizes 22 to 30 **$2.98**

CK-13 — GLAMOR-GLOVES — (Shoulder length). An exquisite mesh accessory. . . . One length fits all sizes. Boudoir Black only. **$3.50 a pair.**

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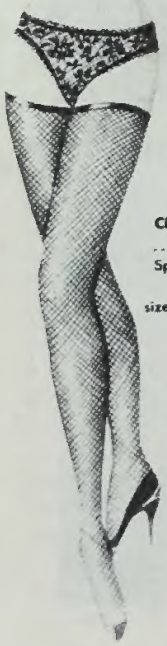

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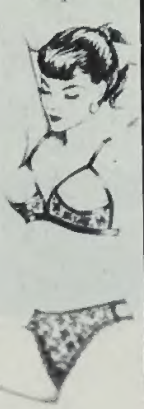

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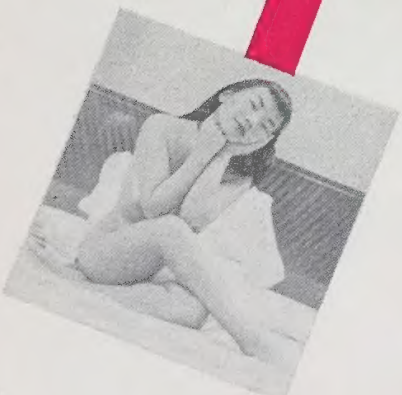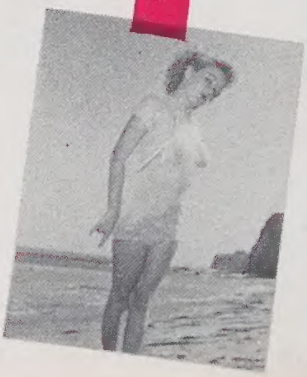
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